

Rakim

"Man Above"

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The man above been talking to me
He said he understands my view
He's always walking with me
Cause he sees what I've been through
When the world starts kicking me around
All in my face, make me want to put 'em down
Trying to earn, trying to learn, trying to love like a man
Sometimes it feels like it's out of my hands-
I'm from the hood that's forever sinning
Where life is took for granted here so death is winning
Nothing but blues around, feels like we're losing out
Times that spent in this environment confuse a child
As a juvenile I ran wild I ran out of blessings
Been in and out of prison as an adolescent
My goal was getting it, til something said to turn my life
around
Redirect my hustle, and go legitimate
Til I get corporate and invest fortunes
With exec bosses sitting behind a desk at the office
I'm left jobless, nobody hiring ex-convicts
That don't mean I'm less conscious
It's so hard when they close doors
And when you looking like a so-called hip hoppa you
get nada
Stereotyped, scarred for life stigmata
But still a kid's gotta get a dolla
I tackle choices every day that's hopeless
I hear a voice saying "stay focused"
Fast money, cars, and broads will mislead you
Love backwards here is evol but it's legal
Multi-task I make a fortune faster
Keep rhymin til I'm climbing up the corporate ladder

In my community, you've gotta go out of your way if
you're out to get paid
Than back up and wait for opportunity
I try not to blame society
I eat my pride cause I know deep inside it's me
But not entirely, when a man try to live righteously
And propriety turn to anxiety
I thought I paid back the system when I stayed in prison
Left the stripes, see what success is like

But the way they set the price
You spent your childhood in the wild hood
You're in debt for life
I figured out what was talking with me
When I do right I feel him walking with me
So I'm adamant, some call it arrogance
I can cope it cause I know I'm broke for having sense
But my back's against the wall, it's getting rough to get
a buck
In a job with a minimum wage won't get enough
Faced with giving up, and my lady friend's beefing,
Ends ain't meeting, we just an argument away from
splitting up
It gets lonely, my fam disowned me
Called me the black sheep cause I act street
Yea it's that deep, I tried to change clicks
Homies flipped on me cause I don't hang; we have
beef
But I'm at peace so that cease, at least
I ain't got no ties on my Porsche ride
And no time for no crime, knowing that the most high
Is watching with a close eye
They say I'm from the hood
That mean I'm no good

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